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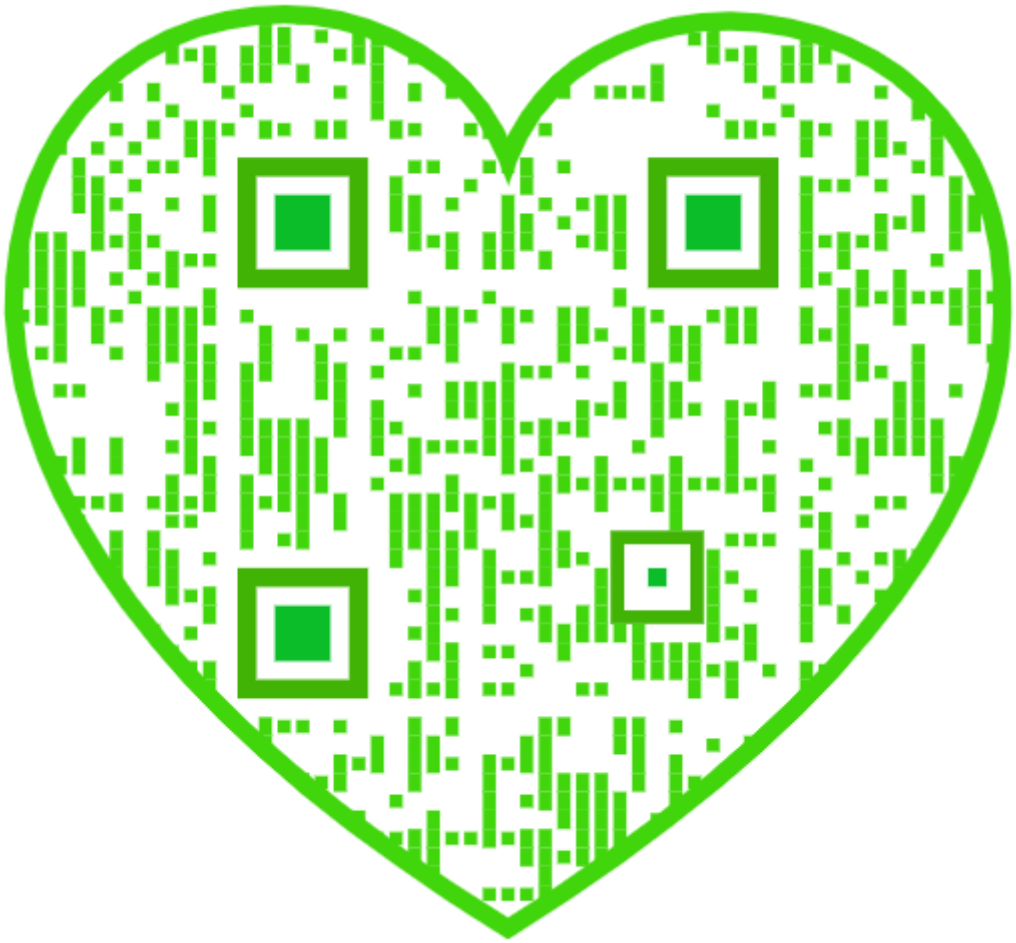

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THE DANDIFIED YOUNG GENTLEMAN,—A WRINKLE.

The Companion to 'Sketches of Young Ladies.'

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES OF YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

By "QUIZ," Junior.

(Charles Richard) Edward Caswell

THE WHOLE INTERSPERSED WITH VARIOUS

FRIENDLY HINTS AND USEFUL SUGGESTIONS.

THE LADIES' YOUNG GENT LEMAN.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY
WILLIAM KIDD, 7, TAVISTOCK STREET,
COVENT-GARDEN.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS * 1890 * WASHINGTON, D.C.

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LONDON:
J. EAMES, PRINTER, 7, TAVISTOCK STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

TO THE READER.

THE various amiabilities and foibles of the FAIRER sex having been duly chronicled in a volume similar to the present, the Author of the following pages considers it no more than an act of justice, that the same honor should be conferred on those who are called, *par excellence*, LORDS OF THE CREATION. With what ability he has executed the task he has undertaken, remains for the public to determine.

THE

YOUNG GENTLEMAN FROM SCHOOL.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

CAN any one mistake the "Young Gentleman from School?" Methinks I see him now, with his short, blue, sailor-like jacket, demi-semi waistcoat, yellow wood-stock gloves, and neatly-brushed beaver,—strutting forth, cane in hand, to call on some of his fellows who have just left, or will soon forsake, the same scene of their boyhood. With the "Young Gentleman from School," there is a blushing when spoken to, a silence in company, and a diffidence in accepting invitations, until he "has asked Papa and Mamma." Fresh from the construing of Latin, Greek, and French, his Virgil, Horace, and Telemachus, with his head stored with undigested exercises, and problematical propositions, and his feet perfected in all the movements of the "light fantastic toe," he is, or fancies he is, the beau-ideal of

perfection. He gained the highest class, and was at the top of it,—what could he do more? Observe his bow as he enters the room,—and the bloom upon his cheeks as he delivers "Papa and Mamma's love, and hopes that you are all well;" the anxiety and expectation, as he inquires whether Master Charles may "go out with him for a short time," or "may have a ride on the poney," or "may join Master Wilmot and himself to fish in the canal to-morrow." The "Young Gentleman from School" looks forward with impatience to the moment, when Papa will allow him to have a coat with tails, a watch, Wellington boots, a stock, and *et cæteras;* as well as to the hour when he shall be articled, or apprenticed, to some profession or business; and thus shake off the "school-boy," and make certain of not being returned, for "another half-year," to consult his Entick, Lexicon, and Euclid. When a party is given by Papa or Mamma, the "Young Gentleman from School" is exhibited in the college-hornpipe, and a servant is sent for the framed specimen of his penmanship suspended by a red cord in the library, or dining room: here, some verse from sacred writ, or perhaps a few lines from a celebrated bard, will be found immortalised by an exquisite engrossment of them upon stout vellum,

protected by plate-glass, and fortified at all points by a richly-carved gilding. You will remark, at foot, a full explanation of the name and age of the Young Gentleman, and of the day of the month, and the *Anno Domini* on which he achieved the wonderful undertaking. An expensively-bound copy of "Thomson's Seasons" is displayed, whilst aunt, uncle, and god-papa expatiate on the "general good conduct and attention" of the Young Gentleman; to which the spare leaf, preceding the title page, attributes the fortunate possession of such "a prize." Our juvenile friend is father's pride, mother's pet, and grandmother's darling; he neither gives, nor receives, offence; has no desire for a recurrence of the past, is pleased with the present, and feeds upon the prospect of the future: he loves all, and is beloved by every body; and as we read in his happy face, and observe in his honesty and simple waywardness, the buoyancy and exuberance of "just fifteen," we are apt to indulge in a little sinfulness, by envying the blissful state of the "Young Gentleman from School." But ah! how transient is it?—he must soon leave his home, and leave it for ever. The privileges and the joys he is now partaking, will soon pass away,—and when he has gone forth into the wide world, and feels the

want of a father's care, and of a mother's love, then will all these scenes return with freshness to his mind, and the remembrance of their kind words, or looks, or thoughts, become a source of delightful pleasure. Every recollection of affection, and obedience, will awaken joy in his heart: whilst every sting of ingratitude will bring with it the bitterness of repentance and remorse. How affecting is that period, when the "Young Gentleman from School" bends his footsteps from his father's dwelling to seek a residence among strangers! the feelings which press upon him as his father takes his hand, and bids him the parting farewell! and when his mother endeavors to hide her tears as he departs from her watchful eye, to meet the temptations of life! His heart is full—the tears must flow—and emotion chokes his voice. How cold is the love of others compared with that of his parents! The "Young Gentleman from School" is leaving the roof of his father, to go out into the wide world to buffet with its sorrows—his heart is oppressed with many struggling sensations. The day is come, on which he has to bid adieu to the fireside of his numberless pleasures; the friends endeared to him by so many associations, so many acts of kindness; he has to part from a mother who has protected him in

sickness, and rejoiced with him in health; he has to leave a father's guardianship to go forth, and act without an adviser, and rely to a considerable extent upon his own unaided judgment: he has to part from his brothers and sisters, no more to see them but as an occasional visitor at his paternal home. Oh, how desolate does every thing appear! He would fain hesitate from launching forth to meet the tempest and the storm; but the moments pass fleetly, and he must triumph over reluctance. He goes from room to room, looking, as for the last time, upon those scenes to which imagination will so often recur; and where it will love to linger. The well-packed trunk is in the entry, waiting the arrival of the stage. William and Maria are moving about, hardly knowing whether to smile or to cry, when their eyes meet those of Henry. The father sits at the window humming a mournful air, as he is watching the approach of the coach which is to bear his son away. The mother, with all the indescribable emotions of a mother's breast, is placing in a small bundle, a few little comforts,—such as none *but* a mother could imagine; and, with generous resolution, endeavoring to preserve a cheerful countenance, that, as far as possible, she may preserve her dear boy from unnecessary pain at the hour

of departure. The "Young Gentleman from School" is watching her, but he cannot speak, and retains his bursting agony in silence. At last, the rumbling of the wheels is heard; and the four horses are reined up at the door. He now endeavors by an affected bustling, to gain sufficient fortitude to say "farewell"—he takes his mother's hand—the dew-drop glistens in her eye, and wets her pallid cheek; he struggles to say "good bye," but cannot—he presses her to his parched lips, and feels her throbbing, palpitating bosom! His brother and sister snatch a passing instant to wipe away, in solitude, their gushing tears—they return—he has now the hand of his warm-hearted, indulgent, father—the father tries to look cheerful, but it is an effort of indescribable torture—he blesses him, and gently leads him away—the door of the vehicle is closed—the crack of the driver's whip is heard—and the wheels bear him rapidly away. The passions, so long restrained, now have vent; he sinks back upon his seat; envelopes himself in his cloak, and weeps into a hectic and broken slumber.

What an enviable state of mind is this! How unalloyed, how heavenly, is the attachment which causes this uneasiness and perplexity! Here is a purity of thought, and feeling, which will never return; a sin-

cerity which we find not in after-life; and whilst we view the "Young Gentleman from School" launching his small bark in the midst of the troubled waters, it is impossible to part with him without a fervent hope, that he who giveth wisdom to all who ask it, may lead and guide him safely through the many perils and dangers, with which, alas! his voyage will, inevitably, be beset.

THE

YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN HIS TEENS.

O FORTUNATUS PUER, NIMIUM NE CREDE COLORI.

FROM the age of fifteen to the age of twenty, is the period generally understood by "the teens." The young gentleman presses "the governor" to send him to the University, and names the different colleges with their several advantages; upon which he expatiates as if they had all been discovered now for the first time; or he urges his consent to being articled to Mr. A, or bound to Mr. B. He has decided upon acquiring honors at Christ-Church, or that he will be a lawyer, or must be a merchant. We soon meet with him in-

dulging in the prospect of "matriculation," or at a desk—pen in ear—clothed with "a little brief authority,"—and quite the "man of business." He thinks himself quite a man—cultivates a change of the "master" for "mister"—talks loud—laughs ditto—and begins to smile significantly on the fairer sex. He has totally abandoned the fall-over collar, and established himself in a black stock, ornamented by a tie of precision and neatness. You may discover that he has entered into some contract for the daily arrangement of his locks, which are stiffly-curled, plentifully glossed by bear's grease, Circassian cream, or Russia oil. There is an unequal division in front, which forms a small forest of friz on one side, and a moderate hedge-row of it on the other. If we closely examine the "Young Gentleman in his Teens," small sprouts—the promise of a more abundant growth—will be found on those parts of his visage, usually covered in after-years by whiskers and by beard; and if it were lawful to extort a confession, we should, perhaps, gain a wrinkle in the science of promoting vegetation by the use of Columbia's Balm, or "thine invaluable oil, Macassar." The first spare half-crown has been devoted to the purchase of a silver-steel razor, and the next to the procurement of a magic

strop. There is a predominant wish in the "Young Gentleman in his Teens" to grow tall, and to be thought a "somebody" in society. Unfortunately he is, nine times out of ten, awkward, both in expression and manner; and, from an imperfection in both, and an ignorance of the world, at the same instant that he is desirous to be thought initiated in the wisdom and the ways of it, the "Young Gentleman in his Teens" becomes disagreeable to many, and, not unfrequently, a great annoyance. The five years of the teens are a trying period of life: youth is verging into manhood, and the intermediate stage is interwoven with much that is objectionable; the brightness and freshness of the boy are displaced by the germs of dissipation—a dissipation which is eagerly sought after, as necessary to the assertion of manhood, and erroneously embraced by the inexperienced lad as indispensable to the proof of his independence. The "Young Gentleman in his Teens" feels confident in a high estimate of his learning, and imagines that others, who are his seniors by many years, and superiors in ability as well as information, are utterly ignorant and stupid. He commences by making broad statements which are not properly treated or refuted, and presuming upon his success, and believ-

ing that he is esteemed by those who have not hitherto reasoned with, or contradicted him, he begins to be imperious, positive, obstinate, and, of course, rude. The result is, that he at length becomes unwelcome, is treated coldly; then a grumbling, fault-finding tone succeeds, and he speaks slightingly and disrespectfully of his father's friends. The parents of the "Young Gentleman in his Teens," who have neglected the correction of his faults—and such is certainly the case with the majority of them—must look for any removal, or amelioration, to the precarious influences of after-years. It certainly is to be deplored, that many worthy people are perpetually outraging their duty by permitting too great a relaxation of their authority at this important season. At seventeen, the young gentleman falls in love, and his adored one is the most charming creature in existence. At eighteen, he has been engaged to be married to at least half that number; but in the year which follows, he determines resolutely to become a benedict. During this period, the "Young Gentleman in his Teens" applies some portion of his time to poetical compositions, and a larger share to his amatory correspondence. Every fresh face brings new beauties, additional charms, something that is still more cap-

tivating, and yet each is unsurpassable in her turn. The young Lothario talks of dying, drowning, and distraction; he vows eternal fidelity, and an unconquerable passion. Our hero is romantic; he meets early in the morning, and by the mild beams of the moon in the evening; he writes of love, talks of love, dreams of love; he indites no subject but matrimony, his conversations are of matrimony; his nights pass in the anticipation of matrimony: but though the affections of our youth are the most sincere and disinterested, and occasionally the most deeply rooted and lasting, still it is ordained—and who will venture to gainsay the wisdom of it?—that scarcely one in a hundred "changes his condition" (of the tens of thousands who declare an unalterable determination to do so) amongst those who come under the description of the "Young Gentleman in his Teens."

THE

IMPROVING YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

NEMO MORTALIUM OMNIBUS HORIS SAPIT.

It has long been a custom—and with ancient usage we are not disposed to quarrel—to send a son, from the age of twenty to twenty-one, to some person, or place, for increase of knowledge, previously to his entering upon any intended avocation. One is placed with a clergyman to be "crammed;" another with a lawyer to "see practice;" and a third with a merchant, to perfect himself in the art and mystery of "commerce." The young gentleman so placed, is, what we term the "Improving Young Gentleman." As his father put his name on the books at Baliol some twelve months since, it is expected there will be an opening in twelve months to come, and it is therefore necessary to brush away the cobwebs from his brain, and prepare him for matriculation: this is "cramming"—a grade of cramming below that for the "little go," or "degree," but still cramming it is; and a reverend divine with a small curacy,

and a "small class," is selected, who, for the consideration of two hundred pounds or so, proposes, in the following year, to introduce the "Improving Young Gentleman" to his old acquaintances in Athens and in Rome, and to bring him once more into the society of the "first three books" of Euclid. Five or six hours out of every twenty-four are allotted to these essentials; and the remainder are otherwise disposed of. Four years of the articles to an attorney pass by, and the fifth, or last, is to be spent in the offices of the "London agent;" or, if the service has hitherto been in London, then this residue is whiled away in the chambers of some "gentleman at the bar." So, after an apprenticeship to the merchant in Liverpool, a preparatory ordeal is deemed proper before purchasing a share in any "concern." The "Improving Young Gentleman" commonly rises with a head-ach at eleven, and retires about three the next morning. His day is occupied in rather a diversified manner: a lounge in the study, in the courts, or at the counting-house, follows shortly after breakfast—then, a stroll to the west end, with a look-in at Tattersall's, Anderson's, or some other of the horse-repositories; dine at six—the theatre, or opera, at nine—with supper, at one, at

Smart's, Offley's, Goodered's, or some other oyster-shop—and roulette, or rouge-et-noir, whilst intoxicated, at two o'clock. The "Improving Young Gentleman," if intended for the University, talks of little else but taking "honors;" for the law of the Judges, Counsel, of the "eloquentiæ satis," and the "sapientiæ parum;" for merchandize, of the failures of the "great houses," of duties upon the raw and manufactured, and of shipping. The first is distinguishable in the street by his *négligé* appearance, and sallow countenance. The second is rather more smart, is generally dressed in black, with the addition, in summer, of white trowsers; and has a shuffling, quick, hurried, step—occasionally carrying, with questionable taste, a small packet of papers, tied round with red tape, as a badge of his calling. The third may be detected by his spruce, buttoned-up, bustling, and important strut. The "Improving Young Gentleman" patronises snuff and cigars; although we must say snuffing is a habit so dirty, a practice so *outré*, that no person, with any pretension to elegance, can adopt it; and as to *smoking*, it is for soldiers, rakes, and shop-boys to patronise it. To the soldier, it may possibly be beneficial; to the rake, convenient; as it produces that drowsiness of

feeling, and that obliviousness, which render the effort of thinking unnecessary;—whilst, to the shop-boy, it has the happy effect of raising him in his own opinion to the station of a gentleman. The snuff, however, is produced upon all occasions; and a pinch offered from a large deep box, of the shape of an oblong square, with some appropriate device upon the top,—and, mayhap, some very improper one at the bottom. Lundy foot, Hardham's 37, and double-scented rappee, are in high favor. As to the cigars, one or two are smoked by the "Improving Young Gentleman" before he dines; three or four more at the theatre, and eight or ten after his refreshment at the shell-fish warehouse. The "Improving Young Gentleman" is fond of horses. He who is for "cramming," prefers a hunter; for legal lore, a thorough-bred for the parks,—whilst our mercantile scion selects a round, well ribbed up, cobby, machiner, with clipped coat and ears; one that he can "tool" into the City, in a yellow or green buggy with remarkably crooked shafts,—a "regular stepper and no mistake," as Jack Brag says. This animal is ordinarily dressed in harness consisting merely of one strap round his body, a head piece, and white reins. It is next to impossible to mistake such an equipage. The "Improving

Young Gentleman" has a strange antipathy to watchmen and the new police. He thinks little of "flooring" the former, and "violently assaulting" the latter,—a prejudice which sometimes brings him in contact with the magistrates of the district, and compels a contribution to the "poor-box." In a word, the "Improving Young Gentleman" is a personage of considerable importance in Town; and one, too, without whom the chief city of our country would present a different appearance. From the day he enters it, to that on which he quits it, he is "perpetual motion;" and at the termination of his labors, he returns to his family weaker in pocket, weaker in body, and weaker in understanding.

What a deceitful evil is this excess, which smiles and seduces, enchants and destroys! It is a pleasing poison that makes us bankrupt of our estates, impairs the frame, and stupifies the mind. Lying late in bed is an intemperance of the most pernicious kind; it destroys the health, is the cause of many diseases, and in the end puts a termination to the existence of multitudes. It makes the blood forget its way, and creep lazily along the veins—it relaxes the fibres, unstrings the nerves, evaporates the animal spirits, saddens the soul, dulls the

fancy, and subdues man to such a degree, that he dislikes labor and yawns for want of thought. But however injurious this species of dissipation may be, it is not so criminal as that of living only to make the nose a dust-hole, the mouth a pestilential chimney, and the body a thoroughfare for strong drink. He that places his supreme delight in these things, renders himself soon unfit for every thing else. The theatre too, appealing to that curiosity and fondness for excitement which strongly characterises the young, throws upon the "Improving Young Gentleman" at every part and corner of the street, the announcement of some splendid tragedy, or some popular performer. The comparative respectability of this amusement is plausibly urged, and the consideration for which it can be enjoyed is so trifling, that in the opinion of the tempted it would be little short of disgrace never to have partaken of the gratifications of the drama. It is not mentioned that a sublime tragedy is generally followed by an obscene afterpiece. The unwary youth is not aware how many appendages of ruin are hung round the vestibule of this polluted temple. Instead of being a "school for virtue," it is a school for vice, a hot-bed of iniquity, a pander to pollution and death. This is not idle de-

clamation against a popular amusement. Many an "Improving Young Gentleman" has found that, in passing the threshold of a theatre, he bade adieu for ever to hope, reputation, and happiness. As to the gaming-table, it is an appendage to those night-houses, ostensibly for refreshment, to which allusion has been made. It is scarcely necessary to enter these depraved dwellings, to understand that the social meal is not their real object. Even in passing, you may hear the jarring strife, perhaps the intimidating threat,—but often the eager and malicious note of triumph, mingled with rattling balls and the bedlam roar of merriment. The sickly light that twinkles, evening after evening, over the porch of this Saturnalian abode, conducts the unwary feet—first to the revel, and then to the gaming-table.

The "Improving Young Gentleman" is asked to place his hand upon his heart, and say whether the picture which has been drawn is not a true one? To him, then, we would appeal to fly the very first appearance of excess,—in whatever form or shape the wily goddess may approach. It is not safe to be within the glance of her eye, or sound of her voice; if he once become familiar with her, he is undone; and let him ever remember, that she wears a variety of shapes, and all

pleasing,—all accommodated to flatter the appetite, and to inflame the desires.

THE

LADIES' YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

SUAVITER IN MODO,—FORTITER IN RE.

THE influence of women gives softness to the harshest of our sex; and no man moves in society with more advantage, than he who is a favorite with the ladies.—Yet there are some young men, so silly as to pin themselves all day long to the dress of a female; and insult her judgment by supposing they can gain her approbation by the performance of a great many monkey-tricks, and the use of a quantity of unmeaning phrases. It is not such as these that we would attempt to uphold. We all receive much kindness from the ladies, and their demands on our attention are imperative. On entering the world, we should pay much tribute to them; observe their manners and their conversation, and acquire that

kind of small-talk which contributes to their amusement. At the West-end, we may observe the "Ladies' Young Gentleman" attending the fair sex in the various promenades, and riding by the windows of their carriages in the parks, and drives. His dress is the perfection of neatness—which is, no doubt, out of compliment to the ladies, who are nice observers of *minutiæ*. He assumes the privilege of carrying the sundry trifles, in the shape of purchases, which have been collected in the course of the morning; and now and then he is the bearer of a parasol—a cloak—or, perchance, a pair of clogs. The "Ladies' Young Gentleman" gathers together the news of the town, for the purpose of communicating it in his own playful way, with sundry bows, nods, and winks—full of intelligence and pleasantry. At the ball, concert, *soirée*, or other places where an opportunity is afforded him of meeting the ladies, this Young Gentleman is foremost in the throng, and waits upon the weaker-vessel with peculiar care and watchfulness. New works—and, indeed, all else that is novel—are introduced by the "Ladies' Young Gentleman," who displays an especial anxiety for their supply, even before they are anticipated by the ladies themselves. Their wants, wishes, and whims, are all indulged with an exactitude of taste

which is well worthy of imitation. In the trading world, also, there is the "Ladies' Young Gentleman." How many rides into the country, and visits to the "Great Metropolis," are effected by his means? How many parties down the river to Blackwall, Greenwich, and the Lord knows where, are attributable to his obliging officiousness? The "Ladies' Young Gentleman" is continually engaged. You will seldom find him at home, either morning or evening; but there is good in all this,—since, when you do meet him, you will be sure to be gratified, for his amiability pleases and delights you,—a virtue which may be fairly attributed to the influence of his associations. He avoids abject flattery, but adopts a complaisant acquiescence. He is a stranger to common-place expressions, awkward motions, and address,—the sure signs of low company. It is much to be lamented, that many young men indulge in a raillery against the sex: the boy begins by sparring with his sisters, learns the ordinary jokes which tend to lower their talents, their importance in society, and their general estimation; not aware that thereby he exposes his own ignorance, want of discernment, and decency. How revolting it is to see a lad, who owes every thing worthy the name of comfort to female

assuidity or kindnesss, ungrateful enough to sneer at her who proffers so many enjoyments, to return vulgar sarcasm for affection, and treat with contumely her generous daily care! That youth is ignorant of *many* things, must be owned: but ignorance in this can scarcely be pleaded; for the facts arise every day, and force themselves upon his observation. Where the principle is not more base, we must impute it to a detestable affectation of manliness, which fancies it is raised above whatever it presumes to despise. Let every young gentleman reflect that, under the fostering care of his mother, and sisters, his ideas were gently expanded, and his feelings sweetly trained to sensibility and honor; and that whenever he ventures to sharpen his leaden gibes against female character, he is set down as the possessor of a weak head and a bad heart. He is, at one and the same time, devoid of sense, gratitude, justice, and honor. There are nations where a young ruffian, as soon as he puts off the dress of a child, goes and beats his mother to shew his manhood. These are the uncivilised Africans; and to imitate them in any degree, is to affect barbarism, and return to the savage state. Oh, how eminent, how sensible, how cultivated, how intellectual, how modest, how superior, is the society of woman, and

what an honor is it for a young man to be in her favor! Here, WIT flies quick, and sharp as an arrow, but without any barbed point; here, gentleness is smooth as ivory; as fair too, and as pure. Here, literature ornaments and stores; here, rectitude of sentiment gives sterling value to the mind. Her genial soul is always on the side of goodness and propriety; her loveliness of mind gives an agreeableness to her person, and recommends every sentiment to the heart, justifies every opinion, gives weight to arguments in their own nature solid—and soothes, to recollection and recovery, such as, if reproved by any other voice, might have risen into resistance or sunk into despair. A hint now in the ear of him who wishes to be the "Ladies' Young Gentleman."—He should go into the society of females,—not to trifle away an idle hour in talking nonsense, but to interchange ideas, learn their modes of thinking, and study their characters as displayed in the innocent sprightliness of social intercourse. He should endeavor to acquire that refined spirit, and that elevated moral tone, which pervade every well-regulated female circle; and to attain that ease and polish, which can only be acquired in societies where the influence of "woman" is paramount. Let this young gentleman

observe, and reverence, the chastity and ignorance of evil which is the characteristic of well-educated young ladies; and which, while we are near them, raises us above the sordid and unworthy considerations which hold such sway over men in their intercourse with each other. Let him treat them as spirits of another sphere, and try to be as innocent, if not as ignorant, of evil as they are; and in assimilating himself to their purity and refinement, he will, most assuredly, be raising himself in the scale of intellectual and moral beings. When the "Ladies' Young Gentleman" calmly and considerately regulates the sweetest sensations that can swell his bosom, and trains them to the support of proper feeling and honorable conduct, he gains a great advantage —a power, indeed, "like the fulcrum for which Archimedes longed, when he talked of moving the whole globe."

THE

MUSICAL YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

EST MODUS IN REBUS.

OF all accomplishments, it has been said that MUSIC demands the most judgment in its practice,—not in its

execution, but in the time of its execution. Now the "Musical Young Gentleman" does not always curb his enthusiasm, or practice self-denial. His French horn, flute, or fiddle, precede, or at any rate accompany, his appearance at every party. This is a broad intimation of his wish to perform; and being asked to exhibit his powers, foolish excuses frequently follow, which deceive nobody and are always the result of affectation. The "Musical Young Gentleman" hands the beautiful warbler to the piano :—

"Will you accompany my daughter, my dear Mr. Wilson ?"

"Really, Madam, I should esteem it delightful to have the ability to do so, but "——

"Now, my dear Mr. Wilson, *do* try "The Light of other Days!"

And after much hesitation, the "Light of other Days" *is* tried, on the French horn, which is certainly a beautiful air, and one that Mr. Wilson has practised more than five hundred times; but of which he has as repeatedly declared "he did not know a single note."

"Charming, charming, charming!" cry five or six individuals; and Mr. Wilson blushes, redder than any turkey-cock in Great Britain.

The overture to Lodoiska is (unintentionally of course) placed before a young lady by Mr. Wilson.

"Oh! how I wish there was some one here who could play the flute," sighs Miss Spriggs.

Mr. Bobadil now whisks, and capers up, to the piano; and after peering through the music as if it were the first time he had beheld it, although he can perform it thoroughly, a silver-keyed ebony flute is slily drawn from a green-baize bag, and the process of locating the dislocated joints is commenced.

"Dear me, Ma, Mr. Bobadil will take the flauto part, I declare; *won't* you, my dear Mr. Bobadil?"

Bobadil coughs, looks foolish, and at length consents to make the attempt.

"How exquisitely he plays!" says Miss Dixon.

"What correct time he keeps!" whispers Miss Cavendish.

"What execution at first sight!" adds Miss Hopkins.

During all this time, the ears of Mr. Bobadil are literally on fire; and, at the conclusion, he is besieged with thanks from all but the old couples who are quarrelling over a rubber, and two females of "a certain age," who are killing time by the same game with a double dummee.

"Dear me," says one of the two, "how I should like to hear a song from a gentleman who can accompany *himself*."

This is ill-natured; for how can Mr. Wilson or Mr. Bobadil do so, when each plays a wind-instrument; and this the lady of "a certain age" knows full well?

"*Do*," simpers Miss Carey, to a modern Paganini, on whose arm she is resting, "try something on the violin."

A lady's request is a command, it is obeyed *instanter*—and without any sickening preface, or squeamish parade, Mr. Wilkins entertains the company with the "Old Maid," in the best possible style.

The "Musical Young Gentleman" seldom makes a morning call without mentioning some new song, or opera; and, occasionally, the one or the other makes its appearance from his pocket,—a thoughtfulness which is not to be contemned. In society, his conversation turns upon the all-engrossing subject which has "charms to soothe," and he speaks freely of the merits, or demerits, of the numerous stars, from Braham and Stockhausen downwards. There is a good deal of harmlessness and simplicity about the "Musical Young Gentleman," but he is never a "learned man."

Still he has in music some portion of the "art of pleasing." It is, says a great writer on Politeness, "a very odd and a very true maxim, that those kings reign the most secure, and the most absolute, who reign in the hearts of their people." Their popularity is a better guard than their army; and the affections of their subjects, a better pledge of obedience than their fears. This rule is, in proportion, full as true, though upon a different scale, with regard to private people. A man who possesses the art of pleasing, possesses a strength which nothing else can give him—a strength which facilitates and helps his rise; and which, in case of accidents, breaks his fall. It is not to be forgotten, however, that Lord Chesterfield declares he cannot avoid calling the playing upon any musical instrument illiberal in a gentleman—"Music," continues he, "is usually reckoned one of the liberal arts, and not unjustly—but a Man of Fashion who is seen piping, or fiddling, at a concert, degrades his own dignity. If you love music—hear it: pay fiddlers to play to you, but never fiddle yourself. It makes a gentleman appear frivolous and contemptible; leads him frequently into bad company, and wastes that time which might otherwise be well employed." To a certain extent, Lord Chesterfield is

right. A little attention to this stricture, may be of benefit to the "Musical Young Gentleman;" but we will ever contend that these various and trifling matters, apparently ridiculous in themselves, conspire to form the whole art of pleasing, as in a well-finished picture a variety of colors combine to complete the piece: to go the whole length of his lordship's denunciation, would be both ridiculous and unjust.

THE

SPOONIFIED YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

FRUGES CONSUMERE NATI.

THERE is no word more expressive in its meaning than "Spoonified;" and although of recent coinage, it passes current in all parts of her Majesty's dominions. The youth who is a "spoony," begets the ridicule of some, the dislike of others, and the contempt of all. The "Spoonified Young Gentleman" has a puffy, potatoe-looking phiz, which he pushes forward from his

shoulders, with a dark, gloomy, imbecility of expression: his hair is combed flatly on his head; his tongue protrudes through his thick lips; and he apparently indulges in a perpetual suck of that frequently-disagreeable member. His dress is slovenly; and his trowsers are without straps to confine the boots of the last century which are beneath them. In a room, he flings one crooked shank over the other, and squats for hours, without venturing to essay a single syllable. If addressed, his reply is generally laconic; "Yeth thir," —"No thir"—"Yeth Ma'm"—"No Ma'm." Should you have the ill-fortune to meet him in the street, you will note him dreaming along, with tongue hanging out, shoulders approaching to an intimate connection with his ears, and the latter projecting vulgarly beyond the bent brim of an unbrushed dogskin; a decided case of "a shocking bad hat." His hands are red, and without gloves; or, if he by chance have a pair, the tops of the fingers will be found to have been nibbled away. There is scarcely a shop-window, in which he does not stare vacantly; and at every scaffolding, his head is erected, with mouth wide open, as if he had never seen such a frame-work before. The "Spoonified Young Gentleman" is a perpetual butt. Tell him what you please—

aye any thing ever so incredible—and he receives it with a "La! thir," accompanied by an empty grin. He is generally fat; for few things, if any at all, give him trouble. He allows the world and its dangers to pass on, unheeded; being perfectly at his ease, if he can but spell the daily newspaper, take his meals, and stroll about without notice or molestation. Occasionally, the "Spoonified Young Gentleman" is skinny; but the nose invariably inclines to snubbiness, and the height of the youth varies from five feet ten inches to six feet one and a half. A short spoony is unquestionably sometimes to be found, but he is a *lusus naturæ*, and forms an exception to the general rule,—and to all rules there are some exceptions. The eyes of the "Spoonified Young Gentleman" bear a similiarity to scalded gooseberries, and he assumes a sanctity of appearance, and slow, methodical action, not unlike that of a "real Simon Pure." He is mother's idol; and would seem to have attached himself to his infantine nourishment, a year or so beyond the ordinary limit. What a *milky*, pappy look, does a spoony carry along with him! he is a complete "do-nothing."

"Pray, Mr. Sapskull, will you ride out with the ladies to-day?"

"No, thir, thank you, I don't ride; father never learnt me."

"Will you drive the Phaeton for Mrs. Mildmay? the horses are particularly tractable."

"Thank you, thir, but I don't drive."

"Did you never try?"

"No, thir, thank you, never."

"Come, Fitzmorris, let us be off to the billiard-rooms: Sapskull will join us."

"Much obliged, thir, but I don't play billiards, I never was taught."

The "Spoonified Young Gentleman" is asked to shoot.

"Oh, no, dood thir, thank you, I don't thoot, I never thaut off a dun in me life."

"Not shot off a gun?"

"No thir, thank you, mother don't like me; besides, father never shewed me how."

It is all alike with the spoony, he neither rides, drives, plays billiards, shoots, or enters into any manly amusement. He speaks thickly, and "lispths" and splutters out his excuses, with the same sort of slobber as that with which he used to eat his "sop." His most liberal acquaintance only tolerate him from motives of pity,

or that they may occasionally indulge a relaxation of their features at this unhappy specimen of their common nature. Chesterfield seems to have anticipated some such moving matter, when he discribes a fellow as stumbling, on his entering a room, and having recovered that accident, planting himself in the very part of the whole room where he should not be. There, he soon lets his hat fall down, and in taking it up again, throws down his cane. On recovering his cane, his hat falls the second time. If he drinks tea, or coffee, he scalds his mouth; and lets either the cup or the saucer fall; and spills the tea or coffee on his breeches. At dinner, he holds his knife, fork, and spoon, differently from other people. If he is to carve, he can never hit the joint. He generally daubs himself with grease; and when he drinks, he invariably coughs in his glass, and besprinkles the company. His hands are troublesome to him, and he does not know where to put them; he is frightened out of his wits if any one speaks to him, and blushes and stammers without being able to give a proper answer. He is a thorough English booby, and, in short, does nothing like other people; all which, it must be owned, is highly disgusting and absurd. To preside among a herd of donkies would be no compliment to

any of us; and yet this pre-eminence is really all the advantage we have any right to expect, when mixing with such boorish companions as those who come within the definition of the "Spoonified Young Gentleman."

THE

DANDIFIED YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

AD CAPTANDUM VULGUS.

WHO is there that has not seen him? How easy is it to point out this animal from all the tribes of his gender? The "Dandified Young Gentleman" devotes the whole of his time, care, and attention, to his outward adorning. He leaves his pillow early, that he may have time to prepare himself for public view. He uses all the best of emollient and scented soaps; applies every powder of the Odontalgic school to beautify his teeth and purify his breath. The common dentrifice is superseded by Rowland's Odonto,—and this, with milk of roses, Delcroix's rouge, and Reeves's vermillion,

is plentifully applied to his complexion and his lips. His hands are then bathed in extract of almonds, and afterwards powdered to preserve their whiteness. The nails are rounded, and filed. The friseur appears—how carefully does he operate on his beard, to spare the bushes under his chin; and how merciful is he to the imperial and the moustache! but where is the hair? Oh, it is not far off—it is on a block, and will shortly be fastened with patent springs to the dandy's caput. How multiplied are the rows of open-work in the foreground of his shirt! but, tell me, where is the collar? name it not in Gath! there *is* no collar.* Scarcely is there room for the embroidered satin stock, inserted behind the crow's nest, which well nigh hides it; much less is there room for a collar. The boots are removed from the trees, with not a crease in the feet or legs. Hoby's best specimen—the thickness of paper, and the strength of silk—with care are they drawn on, and the military spurs slipped into the boxes in the heel. The trowsers, cut to the last folly, hide his knock-knees; one, two, three, four, five, six, aye and perchance seven, waistcoats, follow—he is thin, waspish, shattered, and effeminate—where substance is not, substance must be

* There are *exceptions* to all general rules.

made: his coat, with broad loose velvet-collar, well-padded at the chest, is now on, he buttons it over the waddings which are beneath; and what a shape does he present! how undisturbed the surface of the cloth! The hat must be exactly to the fashion; sometimes with a narrow brim, high crown, and sugar-loaf top; then, with a brim of extreme width, a lower crown, and an immoderately broad top. In the one case, the hat is ornamented with a small band and buckle, and fixed evenly on the head,—save that it is raised a trifle at the back, and drawn down a corresponding trifle in the front. In the other case, the *chapeau* has a broad ribbon round it, and is adjusted on the cranium, sideways; inclining, by many degrees, to the right—not a hair of the nonpareil-cheek beaver is awry. On either side, is a thicket of false hair; from whence proceed two ringlets, which answer to the name of "conqueror." The Parisian gloves are eased gently on the fingers, so that they appear to have grown to them. Not a crack, or false stitch, is discoverable. Then the jewellery! how abundant, and yet what a want of excellence! His fingers are loaded with rings, as his neck is with chains; and who dare question their intrinsic worth? The "Dandified Young Gentleman" sallies forth;

mark the self-sufficiency of his air and walk! the white kerchief, in continued use, of cambrick, and redolent of musk and millefleurs. Mark the glance from the corner of either ogle, at each passer-by, in the hope of admiration, and a vain conceit he has of his own superiority! stiff is he, and unbending in his figure—affected in speech—and barren in mind.

"How do,—'pon honor, glad to see ya. Bin to Whoite's or Groyom's? 'pon conshance, no nags at Tatt's, no bating either, quoite flat. Hav' ya seen my friend, Luson Gore? just spoied im in th' road to th' owse—good boye—ta, ta! can't join ya, must be at Crocky's to-noight—good boye!"

Such is the "Dandified Young Gentleman:" he has neither the entrée of White's, or Graham's; purchases no horses; makes no bets; is unacquainted with every member of the family of Leveson Gower; and did not see any of that family on his road to the Commons; and as for Crockford's, we must do the dressed-up ourang-outang the justice to say he never was inside that establishment in his life. How shall that youth be designated, who substitutes for the look of civilisation the barbarous air of a savage? who, by contortion, changes the noble form of man into the semblance of an

ape? who makes every other consideration subservient to that of dress? and who prates in abhorrent accents of places and things of which he is totally ignorant,—and of persons to whom, either personally or by repute, he is an utter stranger?—Dress is, at best, but a female privilege; and, in MEN, an intemperance in it argues both levity of mind and effeminacy of manner. It is an affectation which is really unpardonable. It is a vice as well as a folly; and with many, it opens the door to extravagance, which frequently ends in ruin. Women are unquestionably fond of dress; but what a miserable head must that poor wretch have, who would inflame his wife's weakness by his own? Fine clothes, perhaps, may be justified in fortune-hunters, because it is their stock in trade; but finery and tinsel are no more regarded when you are known, than "a poor player on the stage when in the robes of a prince." The fop who came into the presence of Henry VIII, with a hundred tenements upon his back, would have had twice as many hats off, if he had annually put the rents into his pocket. It is, therefore, wisdom to wear such apparel, as suits a man's condition—not sordid and beggarly, or foppish or conceited; agreeable to what the poet puts in the father's mouth, speaking to his son of

his habit, which he advised to be "rich, not gaudy, or expressed in fancy."

For the information of our readers, the "Dandified Young Gentleman" may be constantly seen in Bond-Street, Regent-Street, the Parks, and other places of fashionable resort; but the curious should bear in mind, that the exhibition generally opens at two, and closes at six, P. M.

THE

LITERARY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Ecce homo!

There are many amongst our youth, who are extremely desirous of being thought "literary;" and it generally happens that of this portion, the greater share is composed of those who have never had the courage to read through a single volume! To be thought literary, is an ambition which is, perhaps, pardonable; and the anxiety to be regarded so, without in reality hav-

ing any claim to the title, is a very common feeling. The "Literary Young Gentleman" supposes it impossible to gain the name without having a multitude of books upon his shelves; he therefore purchases as many "cheap lots" as he can procure, without regard to the subject, or the editions. At length, the library groans with knowledge, and the rows of second-hand publications present a striking feature. On a large and well-arranged table, some half dozen folio volumes are spread, wide open, each with a mark of paper between certain of the leaves, to denote that those parts have been consulted. The "Literary Young Gentleman" is at home in the study till three o'clock: his morning coat is carelessly wrapped round him—feet in slippers—hair disarranged —and beard unshorn. A call on him whilst in this state is the delight of his soul; to be seen, is to be at once accredited by all as a man of letters. On various mahogany stands, may be perceived divers scraps of (apparently) manuscript productions: they may be original, but more often, it must be allowed, are copies; and to the latter, should you be kept waiting in this *sanctum sanctorum*, (which, for effect, is too frequently the case) and be disposed to violate the rules of propriety, it might be more agreeable for you to direct your

attention. The "Literary Young Gentleman," at half past three o'clock, takes his daily stride. Regard his absence of mind; his careless dress; his pretended short-sightedness—for all literary young gentleman are "short-sighted"—the glass is dangling from his neck, and ever and anon is applied to his eye, as he stops at each dusty book-stall to consult the pages which encumber it. The "Literary Young Gentleman" sits down in the boxes of the theatre, or opera, in the concert-room, or coffee-room, without taking off his hat—it increases his importance. Besides, he is lost in thought, and cannot attend to such minute observances. He scribbles verses for the provincial papers, and becomes the author of rejected stanzas for the Annuals. He has acquired the names of poets and historians, of parsons, politicians, and lawyers. All these, and the titles of their works, he will run over by rote; without being able to favor you with their biography, or the contents of any of their compositions. He will screw up his small eyes in company, and fasten them on some lassie whom he weakly conceives to be incapable of detecting him:—

"Do you not think Moore a beautiful poet?"

"Some of his writings, sir, are pleasing," replies a young lady, "have you read his Lalla Rookh?"

"No, Madam," says the "Literary Young Gentleman," "that is a treat which is yet in store for me, but (changing the subject) Lord Byron is my favorite, there is so much richness in his compositions."

"True," answers the young lady, "do you recollect the Corsair?"

"Ha, bless me!" rejoins the "Literary Young Gentleman," how odd! it has just struck me that the Corsair is the only poem which I have not read:" (then, hurrying on)—"by the bye, what a noise those Pickwick Papers have made; they are cleverly put together: a Mr. Dickens is the author, I understand; he is a surprisingly ingenious man."

"I consider him very clever," observes the same young lady, "but his latter numbers of Pickwick hav scarcely maintained his previous reputation. The conversation, however, by Weller with his son Samuel, at the Inn at Dorking, respecting the death of his mother her Will, and the intention of the old man to drive a coach again, is entertaining."

"I have not seen that number, Madam," stutters out

the "Literary Young Gentleman," it was the last, or the last but one—yes, it was; but I am really so pressed by new publications that I can scarcely find time to peruse one half of them.

"Pray, Sir," observes Mrs. Fandango, "hab you seen de Lif of Misser Wilberfors, which is publish wid Mrs. More's Work?"

"Not yet," replies the "Literary Young Gentleman," a little confused, "but I have ordered it from my publisher."

"Who wrote the 'Bench and the Bar?'" asks Mr. Botherum.

"The same individual, Sir, who wrote 'Random Recollections of the House of Commons,'" replies young Literary.

"Beg pardon, Sir," squeaks out an honorable M. P., "*who* did you say wrote those 'Recollections?'"

"The author of 'the Bench and the Bar,'" answers the "Literary Young Gentleman."

"But," says old matter-of-fact, in the corner, looking over his spectacles, "what sort of a work is 'the Bench and the Bar?'—what is it all about?"

"Oh! 'the Bench and the Bar' is—is—a—a—a lot

of stuff about the Bench, and about the Bar—a great quantity of rubbish, spun out into two volumes, nothing more, Sir, I assure you."

"A lot of stuff about the Bench and about the Bar? why, I have heard it is a capital work, and one that no modern library should be without,—but what is there about the Bench and about the Bar, and what are the objectionable parts, Sir?"

"Really," stammers the worn-out "Literary Young Gentleman," I cannot exactly tell you, off-hand; for I only just dipped into it, when I was interrupted by Mr. Grub, Secretary to the New Literary and Scientific Institution, about to be established in Pall-Mall. Pray Sir, have you heard of it?"

"No, I hav'nt;" grunts old Matter-of-fact, and if he had given tongue to his impressions, he would have added, "nor you either."

The "Literary Young Gentleman" is a member of all the debating societies, a subscriber to every new work where there is a chance of the list of contributors being made public; he takes in Blackwood, the New Monthly, and Fraser; but neither Professor Wilson, Theodore Hook, or Dr. Mc'Ginn, make him a whit the

wiser. He is dead to every thing in his own conceit but literature; whereas, the fact is, that literature is dead to him. He feigns the man of letters outwardly, to mislead the world; and in rejecting him inwardly, discovers the imposture to those he would deceive. It may be considered harsh to assert as much, but it is nevertheless undeniable, that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, the "Literary Young Gentleman" knows little or nothing of either history, grammar, languages, rhetoric, or poetry; nor has he any acquaintance with the notions, customs, manners, tempers, and polity, of the various nations of the earth, or the distinct sects and tribes of mankind,—whilst every man who is simply a gentleman, without "literary" being tacked to that name, is bound to obtain a correct acquaintance with all these things; and if he fail to do so, it is certain that he can never maintain his own station and character in life with honor and dignity. This affectation in the display of books, and in the slovenly habit of dress, evinces a miserably weak understanding; and what can be more abject and preposterous than the assumption of knowledge which does not in reality exist?

As to absence of mind,—a man who is fool enough to indulge in it, or in the semblance of it, is always a most disagreeable companion. Lost in thought, or possibly in no thought at all, he is a stranger to every one present, and to all that passes. He is deficient in every act of good manners; his answers are the reverse of what they ought to be; neither his arms nor his legs appear to be part of his body: he joins in conversation only by fits and starts, as if from a dream, which is a piece of wretched weakness. His shallow mind is possibly not able to attend to more than one thing at a time; and yet he would fain imitate that which was barely pardonable in a Newton or a Locke—thus tacitly declaring that those with whom he is in society are not worthy his attention. What can be a greater affront, and does it not deserve the severest censure? The man who really dwells much amongst his books, and ardently peruses them, need not be a pedant or a neutral sort of character in the world. If the student, who has been shut up in his study, has contracted a sort of mould or rust upon his soul, and his manner and address have a certain awkwardness, all will be worn away by good company. The rust and the mould may be filed and

brushed off, by polite and generous conversation. The scholar then becomes the citizen, the gentleman, the neighbor, and the friend; he learns how to dress his sentiments in the most pleasing colors, as well as to set them in the strongest light. Thus he brings out his learning with honor, and makes a proper use of it in the world.

THE

ARISTOCRATIC YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

RARA AVIS IN TERRA, NIGROQUE SIMILIMA CYGNO.

WE agree in the position, that every young gentleman who has kept good company in the outset of life, will be sure to have received good impressions; and this first step, which taught him to aim at that which was *high*, will prevent him from striking at that which is *low*. The associates of the "Aristocratic Young Gentleman" are those only, who can boast of birth,

rank, fashion, and respectability; he is the "*homme du monde*," and adopts no models but such as are remarkable for propriety and gracefulness. His manners are marked by perfect confidence; his modesty to his superiors shews that he entertains a correct estimate of the deference due to their station; he maintains with his equals a proper dignity in all his actions; and towards his inferiors, he is considerate and kind, conducting himself at all times with good taste,—by deciding without haughtiness, and condescending without familiarity. The "Aristocratic Young Gentleman" pays due regard to the rules of etiquette; he possesses that self-esteem which induces a proper degree of attention to his dress, but avoids, as despicable, the example of those who make "dress their study." "The difference," he argues, "between a gentleman and a fop, is, that the latter values himself on his dress, whilst the former laughs at it, though he knows at the same time he must not neglect it." The "Aristocratic Young Gentleman" considers (with Cowper) that the soul of society is woman, and his first object is to gain her good opinion. On meeting her, he always removes his hat, and never proclaims her name, nor indeed that of any friend,

aloud, in any public place or street. He abhors, as unnatural, the noxious habits of smoking and snuff-taking; he pays his morning visits between the proper hours, and is punctual in returning them. In receiving company, he meets each, as if the honor was particularly bestowed on himself, and never adapts his remarks to the professions of those around him. He is never anxious to be thought to talk well, but imitates Scott's description of Leicester,—"he discoursed on banquets, shows, and pageants, on the character of those by whom those gay scenes were frequented, on the habits of those who conducted them, and on their influence on the people—foreign countries; their customs, their manners, the rules of their courts, their fashions, and even the dress of their ladies, were each his theme." Like Dean Swift, he believes that "good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse, and that whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best-bred man of the company." He never laughs at his own remarks, or breaks his promises. The "Aristocratic Young Gentleman," in conducting a lady to the drawing-room, uniformly gives her the wall, and at dinner, he pays the utmost attention to her

without appearing assiduous. He is confident and easy; and being both confident and easy, he is graceful. It has been remarked already, that little matters, apparently trifling in themselves, conspire to form the whole art of pleasing: how to do the honors of a table with credit, is decidedly one of the outlines of a man of fashion; and you will remark that the "Aristocratic Young Gentleman" is here free from all kind of blundering, and embarrassment. In the ball-room, the "Aristocratic Young Gentleman" dances well, and easily; and is unostentatious. His steps are few and graceful, and he takes his partner lightly by the hand; he agrees with our late monarch, George the Fourth, that waltzing is the most delightful thing in the world; and defies the satire of Lord Byron against it. He differs, too, from Sheridan and Moore; and, indeed, his pure manners and fine feeling silence all objection. In conversation, the good sense and sound and varied information of the "Aristocratic Young Gentleman" take the place of that ribaldry, of which the chattering of the fashionable fool is composed. He knows the passing circumstances of the day,—politics, parties, amusements, foibles, customs, literature, and science.

He never occupies the attention of his hearer for a long time, is neither a gossip nor a tattler, and detests that "pot-house wit which is quite incompatible with good manners,"—*punning*. He never suffers himself to be laughed out of what his judgment tells him to be right. Resolution is the foundation of his virtues; his bearing is always uniform, steady, and firm; and he is respected by all, because he is observed by all to respect himself. The "Aristocratic Young Gentleman" has, in fact, found a sincere pleasure in the careful cultivation of his manners and his mind, and has possessed himself of that magic key, which unlocks the inexhaustible treasury of enjoyments. He lives in the society, in the age, and in the country, which he prefers. He mixes with the elegant, and the wise, of all nations. With Chesterfield, he is among the select of fashionable life; and, with Plato, he is among the sages of Greece. He has labored to acquire a knowledge of the address, and of the arts of those acquainted with the world; and endeavors to imitate them. He observes the means they take to gain the favor, and conciliate the affections of those with whom they associate; and, by pursuing those means, he continually secures the esteem of all who know him.

Now and then, persons without birth, rank, or character, will creep into good company under the protection of some considerable personage, and pass for aristocratic; but the deception is soon discovered, and the man who practises it sinks into merited scorn. In good society alone, does the "Aristocratic Young Gentleman" perfect himself in the best manners, and the most polite language; for as there is no legal standard to form them by, it is here they are established. It may possibly be questioned, whether a youth has it always in his power to get within this pale; undoubtedly, by deserving it, he has—provided he is in circumstances which enable him to live and appear in the style of a gentleman. Knowledge, modesty, and good breeding, will endear any young gentleman to all that see him; but without politeness, "the scholar is no better than the pedant, the philosopher than the cynic, the soldier than the brute, nor any man than a clown." But the society of all others which the autocrat carefully avoids, is, that which may be called *low*—low in birth, in rank, in parts, or in behavior. He scorns the company of those who, insignificant and contemptible in themselves, would think it an honor to be seen with him; and who

would flatter his follies, nay his very vices, to keep him with them. Many a young gentleman of sense and rank has been led, by vanity, to pass his time in such society as this, until he has been degraded, vilified, and ruined. The vanity we mean, is that of being the chief section in the circle. This pride, though too common, is idle to the last degree; nothing lets a man down so much. For the sake of dictating, and being applauded, and admired by this low company, he is disgraced and disqualified for better. It is the ambition of the "Aristocratic Young Gentleman" to get into the best society, and when there, to imitate their virtues but not their vices;—to imitate the perfections only, the politeness, the address, and the dignity of manners—manners which differ as much from pride as does true courage from blustering. In a word, the "Aristocratic Young Gentleman" adopts the model of Dr. Adam Clarke, and endeavors, by every proper means, to cultivate the esteem and affection of all. He studies to be obliging, and considers that it is not only a most amiable, but a most profitable disposition. He is not too familiar with any person; and, at the same time, not too distant—for he is satisfied that both these qualities produce con-

tempt. Finally, he neglects no opportunity of cultivating his understanding.

THE

MARRIED YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

DOMUS ET PLACENS UXOR.

WE must suppose the young gentleman to have arrived at that momentous period of man's existence,—the age of twenty-one; a period to which he has looked forward for freedom from dependancy, and restraint. Some time has been passed at college, in the world of gaiety; some debts have been contracted, and pledges given; which all await the time when the young gentleman shall be "twenty-one." He now discards his father's protection, and rushes into the ocean of life, where he is to sink or swim; to be ruined or to prosper; to be despised or respected; according to the

course which he thinks proper to pursue. When a young gentleman comes of age, he calls his tenants together, cheers their hearts, or takes the contrary course, by grinding them to feed his avarice or dissipation. He lives within his means, or squanders his substance at hells, and on the turf. If his fortune be small, he buys a share in some profession or business; a stop which may turn to profit, or reduce him to poverty. At twenty-one, every young gentleman should begin to act with more sobriety and caution. He may now sue, and be sued; can sit in Parliament, and take part in Senatorial debates; he is summoned on Juries, and is an arbiter of life and liberty. He becomes a magistrate, and acts as judge. We see his name as a director of companies, a commissioner of roads, a trustee of estates, a guardian of the poor, and a parochial vestryman. In short, what is the young gentleman not eligible to, who has attained his twenty-first year? With so great an alteration in his rights, privileges, and advantages, how changed ought the thoughts, words, and actions, of the young gentleman to be? His views now turn, and naturally so, to *marriage*. The sooner a young gentleman of age is married, the better is it

(says a learned man) for his fame, his pocket, and his constitution. So say we, and we shall hasten to introduce him to the reader, in his new mantle. This is the happiest estate. The "Married Young Gentleman" is now clothed with the responsibility of a husband, and will shortly have to bear the additional one of a father. He has given the last dinner to his bachelor friends, informed them of the intended alteration in his state, the health of the bride elect has been drank—and he is married. The acquaintance formed in his youth has now ceased, with the exception of that portion which he has thought proper to renew by special invitation; and that, with regard to which a desire to continue it has been intimated, by his sending his own and his wife's cards, with the customary favors. He disputes not the wisdom of this law, but agrees that the companions of a bachelor are not fit associates for the wife; and perhaps he finds too, that prudential reasons suggest an abridgement of expense. We now see the "Married Young Gentleman" with a comfortable house, a snug fire-side, and the constant attendant on the beloved-one of his heart. He receives family-visits, and returns them,—is regular in his attendance at Church, and fore-

most in the discharge of every social and domestic duty. It is thus with the "Married Young Gentleman," who unites himself upon proper and correct principles. Far different is it with him, who, to replenish the wasted funds of his treasury, has been base enough to purchase the means by the sacrifice of another as well as himself. This man's home is one of continual disquiet; he is the deceiver and the deceived. Dissatisfaction and disgust follow disappointment and satiety; and such a man is sure to dwindle away his days in remorse, and end them in destitution. Let the "Married Young Gentleman" duly estimate the importance of his present station: he should always bear in mind that (as Paley says), happiness does not consist in the pleasures of the sense, in whatever profusion, or variety they are enjoyed, nor in an exemption from pain, labor, care, business, molestation, and "those evils which are without," nor in greatness, rank, or elevated station,—but that happiness is composed of the social affections, the exercise of our faculties in the pursuit of some engaging end, in the preservation of our health, and in the prudent constitution of our habits; that happiness, too, is pretty well equally distributed amongst the different orders of

civilised society, and that even in the present probationary state, vice has no advantage over virtue.—Nature has given man a very high relish for her studies, and perhaps, particularly, for the heightened ornaments, and august grandeur of the skies; but she required not, that even his admiration of "the splendid host of heaven" should make him shrink from human excellence, or insensible to the dominion of female charms. On the contrary, she has filled the heart of man with an inward conviction, that virtuous love tends to the constitution of human happiness; and that the wedded state is an institution which draws us no less forcibly by the charm of the highest moral, than sensible pleasures; and this, no doubt, to counterbalance some unavoidable inconveniences of marriage; to soften the pangs of child-birth; to sweeten the fatigues of domestic concerns, of the care of offspring, of the education and settlement of a family, and to be the foundation and cement of those numberless tender sympathies, mutual endearments, and reciprocations of attachment between the married parties themselves, which make up not the morality only, but even the chief delights of conjugal life; at the envy of which, in so remarkable an exempli-

fication of it as the condition of the first parents of mankind is represented to have been, by the tender and passionate Milton, 'tis no wonder their great enemy should turn aside from beholding their mutual caresses, as unable to endure the pain of his malicious resentment at such superior delicacy of enjoyment :—

———"Aside the devil turned,
For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
Ey'd them askance."———

An image of such exquisite force and beauty is this, that the fondest lovers of antiquity may be challenged to produce its parallel, in the most approved writers of any age or country. But though the image may not have a written parallel, the "Married Young Gentleman" will remember that it may have a strong likeness, or a just imitation. When the husband and wife confer on each other a tender sense of the more improved felicities of wedded love, will not this image of Milton be realised? Will not envy turn askance? will not their state be the perpetual fountain of domestic sweets? of purity, peace, and innocence? It has been well observed that, if a young man incline to enter upon

matrimony, he should look upon it as a point on which his whole happiness and prosperity depend; and that he should therefore make his choice with a becoming gravity and concern. If by ill-fortune, or ill-conduct, his affairs should be in ruins, he is charged not to make marriage an expedient to repair them. There cannot be a worse kind of hypocrisy, than to draw in the innocent and unsuspecting by false appearances, to make but one step from ease and affluence to all the disappointments, shame, and misery, of a broken fortune.

The young gentleman who is a candidate for marriage should remember, that, if he must sink, it is far better for him to sink *alone*, and not load himself with the intolerable reflection that he has undone the woman who has confided in him; and entailed misery on an offspring, which may have reason to look upon him with abhorrence hereafter for having cursed them with their existence. We earnestly hope that the "Married Young Gentleman" has selected his wife from a family, not vain of their name, or wealth, or connexions, but remarkable for their simplicity of manners and integrity of life: that her character is clear and spotless, and all

her pride founded in innocence; that she is free from deformity, and hereditary diseases, good-natured, a good manager, possessing a genteel portion, and but few poor relations: and, finally, that there is nothing in her but what leads to dignified conduct, honorable actions, and to the high power and distinction of continually diffusing blessings on that holy estate, into which he has thought it wisdom to enter.

CONCLUSION.

We have now indulged our *cacoethes scribendi* to the extent of ten sorts, or samples, of young gentlemen; and although there are many others which might be aptly introduced, still we are unwilling to extend our description at the present moment, lest any addition to the foregoing pages should be found wearisome to our readers. At the same time, we stand pledged to resume the subject at any future period, upon receiving their all-important permission to do so.

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